

more properly known as the Great Northern Diver, *Gavia imber*. The cry of this bird is well known to the lover of the rod in the solitudes of Lakeland; it is a weird uncanny sound to the tenderfoot, a plaintive mournful cry, especially before wet weather.

I am not writing this story with a view of puffing up the Grand Trunk Railway and the Algonquin National Park as a holiday resort, for that fact is amply expounded in the various folders issued by that illustrious corporation.

The trout season had just been heralded in by a burst of fine weather and the old longing to get busy with "the spots" came over me before the plague of flies prevented pleasure. The date was 7th May, 1903, the day warm, trout hungry, speckled beauties up to three pounds waiting to be caught. Black bass were also abundant but out of season and biting freely. I managed to get some lovely silver minnows at the rear of the Superintendent's cottage and armed with a light greenheart rod, a reel with not too much line on—that somewhat old and rotten—a double length casting line of fine gut and a pellet of buckshot for a sinker, I started off to fish on the long trestle to the east of Algonquin Park Railway Station. I was out for sport and I certainly got it. My first strike was a bass which fought gamely and was returned to the water somewhat tired. I put on a fresh minnow and cast in again into about fifteen feet of clear cold water; hardly had the bait gone down five feet when it was siezed and carried away at a rapid rate, and thinking I had hooked a large trout I paid out line to enable the fish to swallow the hook well before striking. I struck and the pace increased and my little rod bent almost double, without a sign of checking the rush, and when my line was more than half run out up comes my fish in the shape of an old cock loon hooked apparently firmly by the beak. I had to lower the tip of my rod as his weight was too great for it and simply held on, trusting to luck that the line would hold. I was near the end of the trestle and managed to edge on to firm ground. Then began a battle royal. The bird, dived, twisted, turned, flapped his wings and tried to fly but he got dragged down by a straight pull. Finally, the line got twisted under his right wing and the hook was torn from his mouth and became fast in the big sinew of the right wing. Now, he had more power as his head was free and I had great difficulty in holding him down. To make matters worse my reel dragged out and fell on to the ground at my feet and I dared not stoop to pick it up as all my attention was needed to mind the bird. Before long he began to show signs of fatigue and I managed to drag him shorewards by degrees, the line getting tangled at my feet. I had till now been fighting for an